

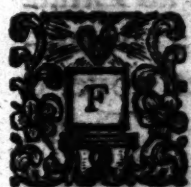


ISMENIA

By Juan Perez de Montalvan.
AND THE

Translated by Thomas Stanley.

PRINCE.



FROM the Top of *Caucasus*,
a Mountain in *Armenia*, descend-
ed a Man, savage in Appear-
ance, tho' not in Mind; cloath'd
with several Skins of wild Beasts, his Limbs
strong and swarthy, his Face scorch'd with
the Sun, his Hair long; at his Shoulder
hung a Quiver of Arrows, at his left Side
a Wood Knife, and in his Hand he carried
a young Tree, which (being stript of the
Boughs and Leaves) was both his Stay and
Defence; who sitting down upon a Carpet
of sweet, tho' ordinary Flowers, drew out
of his Breast a beautiful Picture, so lively in
the obscure Tablet, that it seem'd to have

more Soul than it receiv'd from the Pencil;
and beholding it as intently as if it had
been the Original; much troubled, he thus
passionately discoursed to it:

‘ O! Dear, tho’ absent *Polixena*! It is
‘ long since I enjoy’d thy divine Sight in
‘ another Condition; but what Assurance
‘ will not Envy and Fortune dissolve,
‘ where both conspire to prosecute? When
‘ I first caus’d *Tybrandes* to draw thy Pic-
‘ ture in this Tablet, I little thought that
‘ this unequal Shadow of thy Beauty should
‘ ever have been my greatest Comfort.
‘ Who would have said when in *Albania*
‘ I maintain’d a Tournay in a Habit which
‘ thy fair Hands had Embroider’d, that
‘ I should ever have seen my self in an Estate
‘ so different, the Inhabitant of a Moun-
‘ tain, my Arms naked, my Feet cover’d
‘ only with the Skin of a Bear, a Trunk
‘ of a Tree my Sword, my Lodging a
‘ Cave, and my Companions a pair of Lions?
‘ But the Heavens know, that neither to be
‘ so expos’d to the Injury of Weather, that
‘ the Sun takes me for *July*, and the Snow
‘ for *January*; nor to be brought so low,
‘ that I am forc’d every Day to kill some
‘ wild Beast to sustain me; nor to live in
‘ this dismal Solitude, where I converse on-
‘ ly with Flowers and Rivers; nor yet to
‘ consider the small Hopes I have of better
‘ Fortune, have Power to make me sad;
‘ but

‘ but only the fear that Thou dost forget me:
‘ For amongst the Troubles which an ab-
‘ sent Lover suffers, none but this is able
‘ to torment him. It is now twelve Years
‘ since for thy sake I first deserted *Albania*,
‘ and were my self dilated to an Age,
‘ should always thus preserve Thee in my
‘ Breast; but alas! I fear Thou dost not re-
‘ quite me; for Women are said to place
‘ their Eyes and Wills only on what they
‘ see present; because what is past is no
‘ longer enjoy’d. Having so long disap-
‘ peared, can I doubt my Death is not be-
‘ liev’d for certain? And some perhaps
‘ there are who affirm it, to comply with
‘ those that hate me. Yet if I live in thy
‘ Memory, nothing else can afflict or trou-
‘ ble me. I often imagine, that as being
‘ but a Woman, thou hast prov’d uncon-
‘ stant, and tho’ thy Love might conti-
‘ nue the first Year of my Absence, yet
‘ sure the second thou took’st Comfort,
‘ and the third didst quite turn me out of
‘ thy Breast. However, this World hath
‘ had some, whose Constancy had triumph-
‘ ed over the natural Imbecility of their
‘ Sex; and thou may’st be one of those.
‘ The Dagger of *Lucretia*, the Coals of
‘ *Portia*, and the Asps of *Cleopatra*, testify,
‘ that Love is an unapprehensive of Death.
‘ Thy Constancy (fair *Polixena*) would have

‘ had no such Inconvenience ; it would not
 ‘ have hazarded thy Life.

The tender Savage-Lover would have
 proceeded in Discourse to the Picture, had
 he not been interrupted by a young Shep-
 herdess, who passing by the Skirts of a
 Green Mountain, (imagining she was heard
 of none but the Birds) as she went along,
 sung thus :

*Menga, a Shepherdess, near these Brooks borne,
 (Wander o’ th’ Earth, and Envy of the Morn,)
 Sad and asham’d complains of her hard Fate;
 For Beauty seldom proves more fortunate.*

*Love whose soft Chains she freely did dispence
 To all, at least insnar’d her Innocence.*

*Anton, a Swain, who many other Eyes
 Attracted, was to hers a Sacrifice;*

*Nor slights she his Affection, tho’ she fear
 Their Envy who for him like Passions bear.*

*Teresa’s Love she knows to him inclin’d,
 A Nymph, tho’ fair, yet wanton as the Wind:*

*Favours and Gifts she never yet withstood,
 Inconstancy deriving with her Blood:*

*All that she sees her boundless Thoughts desire,
 For longing Fancies greedy Eyes require:*

*Once Menga found her with Anton less coy
 Than she could wish, his but to rob her Joy.*

*Shame did suppress her Anger, but her Tears
 Did unrestrain’d betray her jealous Fears.*

*What have I done, false Shepherdess she said,
 That thou should’st all my Happiness invade?*

Then

Thou lov'st another: me hast dispossess'd,
 Because stoll'n Pleasures are to thee the best:
 I've seen thee Many love, but true to none,
 Thou dost hereditary Lightness own:
 Enjoy thine own, not my Delights remove,
 Thou wrong'st thy Beauty to molest my Love.
 Thus Menga, (who against Teresa cries,)
 When she began to love, left to be wise.

Gesimenes (for so was this Prodigy of Fortune nam'd) was much astonish'd to hear so sweet a Voice in a wild Wood unfrequented by any. He arose and called to her, bidding her not fear, for he was a Man rational as others, tho' his Habit expressed not his Condition. The timorous Shepherdess, when she saw his savage Appearance, giving her self for lost, fled from this counterfeit Satyr, till staid by Weariness, she fell at his Feet, so affrighted and out of Breath, that it pitied him he had overtaken her. When he beheld her divine Beauty, he thanked Heaven that it had contracted its greatest Perfections in a poor Shepherdess. Neither did this Admiration proceed from a Forgetfulness of his fair *Polixena*; but the Reason which induc'd him to this Liking, was her Resemblance of the other; such as would confound a Painter in drawing them both: He took her in his Arms, and carried her to his poor Cave; where, having first recover'd her Senses with Water,

which

which he fetch'd in a Tortoise-shell from a neighbouring Rock, he set before her Cakes and dried Fruits; he assured her that she was not in Danger; that his Quality was more gentle than his Appearance promis'd; that she might continue there in Safety; and, that her Beauty had kindled in his Breast so just an Affection, that tho' he had been savage indeed, he should not have been so to her: For at the first Sight of her an Inclination did secretly invade his Soul, which obliged him not only to Honour, but to engage his Life for her. Therefore he intreated her by the great Respect which, in so short a Time, she had gain'd upon him, not to leave his Company, but rather to help him to pass the Tedioufness of that Solitude, than afflict his love by her Absence, which he should infinitely resent.

Truly, reply'd *Ismenia*, (so was the Shepherdess nam'd) what you require is not only just, but due to that Civility and Protection you promis'd; besides, it concerns my own Interest as well as yours; for I am fled hither to avoid a Man, to whom my Parents would have married me; one, they say, who doth every way equal me; but, to say Truth, tho' I was born among the Rocks; and am of a low Parentage, yet have I a Spirit and Thoughts so high, that I am not in my own Opinion inferiour either to the
 ' Heir

' Heir of *Albania*, or the King of *Armenia*.
 ' This Morning I rose with intent to sub-
 ' due that Self-conceit, and love him in Obe-
 ' dience to those that perswaded me; but
 ' finding I could not affect him, nor reclaim
 ' my stubborn Will, I stole away and hid
 ' my self in this Mountain, chusing rather
 ' to be a Prey to wild Beasts, than to
 ' one I could not without Disdain behold:
 ' Tho' many Women are of Opinion,
 ' that Conversation may produce Affection;
 ' yet could not I expose my self to so ap-
 ' parent Hazard, fearing the worst: For
 ' the Danger is great which She incurs, who
 ' out of this Confidence undervaluing her
 ' own Liberty, marry's one that she abhors.
 ' But because I find within my self (besides
 ' the Thanks I owe your Courtesy and En-
 ' tertainment) something that moves me to
 ' love and respect you; for tho' you
 ' appear outwardly a Son of these Rocks,
 ' yet your civil Demeanor contradicts that
 ' Appearance; I conjure you therefore by
 ' your self to tell me who you are, and the
 ' Reason of your living in this Desert;
 ' since we have agreed to dwell together,
 ' and I have given you an Account of my
 ' Fortune, it is fit you requite me with the
 ' like. This Request (says *Gesimenes*) will
 ' much afflict me: The Remembrance of
 ' Miseries cannot be renew'd without Tears,
 ' tho' I use often to repeat mine to the
 ' Heavens,

' Heavens, to the Fields, and to this little
 ' River; yet because in them you are my
 ' only comfort, and to satisfy in some Man-
 ' ner for the Favour you do me in dwell-
 ' ing (as you have promised) with me,
 ' I will relate my Birth, Condition, and
 ' Misfortunes.

' I am Natural Son to *Pbarnaces*, King
 ' of *Albania*, who dearly lov'd *Clorinda*,
 ' a Lady whose Eminence and Merit made
 ' her hope to be his Wife, and in that Con-
 ' fidence resign herself to his Arms; but
 ' not long after was by Reason of State in-
 ' duc'd to Marry *Rodantha*, who prov'd
 ' with Child at the same time that *Clorinda*
 ' my Mother went with me: I would to
 ' Heaven I had never seen the Light, (for
 ' Life, but Death.) So it happen'd that
 ' *Pbarnaces* had in one Day two Sons, one
 ' by his Wife, the other by his Mistress;
 ' and (tho' Brothers) of a different For-
 ' tune and Quality, for *Lucander's* Mother
 ' was the more Noble; but who would
 ' think that *Pbarnaces* loving my Mother
 ' so affectionately, nay, she her self, for-
 ' getting the Pains, and Grief I had cost
 ' her, should hate me: It was sure the
 ' malignant Influence of my Stars which
 ' arriv'd, to that Height, that I was con-
 ' strained when I would obtain any thing
 ' of my Father, to have Recourse to the
 ' Queen, who, tho' she had just Rea-
 son

son to hate me, pity'd and favour'd me.
Lucander and my self came to the State
of Youth; I, as being the less fortunate,
was more belov'd of the People; he of
my Father, as Heir to the Monarchy:
Thus far I cannot say I was very unhappy,
for if he may justly be call'd so, who is
born indiscreet, and lives hated, *Lucander*
was the less Fortunate; but the Original
of all my Afflictions was the fair *Polixena*,
at the same time brought up at Court,
Daughter to the Prince *Saga*, one of
great Power, and near allied to the King,
without whose Advice he undertook no-
thing of Weight: I would discourse more
largely of her Beauty and Perfections, if
my Love would not make That seem Pas-
sion, which Heaven and my self know
is but Truth. I speak to a Woman, and
such hear with small Delight the Praises of
others: She was the fairest in that Coun-
try, and from our tender Years we be-
gan to Court her: I with less hope than
Lucander, as one not born a Prince;
but Love, both a Child, and blind, often
mistakes and stumbles. I did ill to say
my Birth was attended by no happy For-
tune, since *Polixena* fix'd her Eyes on me,
and that so freely, that whatever I did, she
grac'd with Esteem, whatsoever my Bro-
ther attempted, displeased her. At the
public and solemn Exercises, her favour-
able

' able Eyes encourag'd me, and made me
 ' successful, not without the Envy of ma-
 ' ny Princes who ador'd her; especially of
 ' *Lucander*: Truly I had the Advantage
 ' of him in Behavior, Discretion, and
 ' Stature; yet few Women would have
 ' consider'd those Accidents, the Qualities
 ' of the Mind being in little Esteem in the
 ' Unfortunate. But *Polixena* either less ambi-
 ' tious or more unhappy, inclin'd her Af-
 ' fection to me so far, that after a long
 ' time she gave me Leave to obtain her Em-
 ' braces, which by a private way into her
 ' Chamber I enjoy'd: *Lucander* had treat-
 ' ed with her Father about Marriage, en-
 ' gaging himself still farther in his fond Af-
 ' fection; knowing I was his Rival, he
 ' was the more earnest in his Sollicitation,
 ' being vext to see *Polixena* prefer me, the
 ' illegitimate Son, before him, the Heir to
 ' the Kingdom. Her Father (transported
 ' with his Interest, and hope of seeing the
 ' Crown upon his Daughter's Head) being
 ' displeas'd with my Affection, look'd not
 ' favourably on me, and chid *Polixena*,
 ' advising her to love *Lucander*; because
 ' from thence more Good than she imagin'd
 ' might result. But this Counsel was vain,
 ' her Election was no longer free; much
 ' less when she perceiv'd she was with Child.
 ' This Confirmation of our Love increased
 ' my Obligation, and her Danger; for
 ' this

‘ this Disease being difficult to conceal, and
‘ her Father unwilling she should be mine,
‘ we had Reason to fear the Event; she
‘ dissembled the Mishap so carefully, that
‘ not any of her Servants suspected it. The
‘ Perplexity wherein I remain’d was as of
‘ one that sees his Love in the Power of
‘ Enemies: If she would have sent me the
‘ Child, she durst not; for *Lucander* had
‘ gained all, or the most Part of them to
‘ be of his Party. Thus every Moment
‘ did these Fears disquiet us, till one Night
‘ such Extremity of Pain wakened her,
‘ that she presently knew the Reason, and
‘ putting on her Cloaths in haste, she went
‘ out at the back Gate of the Garden,
‘ (having before provided her self of the
‘ Key for that Occasion) with Intent to re-
‘ tire to an House of an intimate Friend
‘ of mine, whom we had made acquainted
‘ with our Affairs; but she had scarce
‘ passed two Streets when she was so sur-
‘ prized that she could not stir a step fur-
‘ ther, turning aside into the Porch of the
‘ next House, was there delivered of a
‘ Daughter; and seeing two Men pass by
‘ muffled in their Cloaks, she called to
‘ them, and deliver’d them the Child; de-
‘ siring them, because she was a Woman and
‘ alone, that they would do her the Favour
‘ to carry it to *Gesimenes* the King’s Son, who
‘ would give them a better Reward than they
B ‘ imagin’d

imagin'd: Their Civility oblig'd them not
 to follow her; so she returned back to the
 Court, and within two Hours was laid a-
 gain in her Bed, where complaining of
 a sudden Indisposition, she was attended and
 serv'd as one, whom all hop'd e'er long to
 see their Queen.

But so unfortunate was my Affection
 and *Polixena's* Honour, that one of those
 to whom she had deliver'd the Child was
Lucander, my Brother and Enemy; who
 devising with himself who the Mother of
 it might be, and seeing that *Polixena* fell
 Sick that very Night, begun to think it
 was she; her extraordinary Affection to
 me, making any Conjecture seem credi-
 ble; the Child's Countenance confirmed
 this Suspicion, which like a Copy could
 not deny the Original: Wherefore to
 revenge his Jealousy, and to punish my
 Boldness, he resolv'd to tell my Father,
 and my Wive's, (for so I must call her as
 long as I live) what had happened; first
 commanding one of his Servants to cut
 the Child in Pieces, he sent it me in
 Performance of the Promise he had made
 the Night before. As I was in the Morn-
 ing making my self ready, there came
 into my Chamber a Gentlewoman of great
 Trust with *Lucander*, and a Page bear-
 ing in a Bason the Body of the little Child,
 so pierced with Wounds, that the Fea-
 tures

‘ tures of the Face could hardly be discern’d.
‘ Thou may’st imagine, *Ismenia*, how I re-
‘ ceived this Present: My Heart was in-
‘ stantly congeal’d at the bold Impiety of
‘ *Lucander*, I then foresaw my Misfortune,
‘ and mixing a Father’s Tears with the yet
‘ warm Blood, I bathed the mangled Limbs;
‘ dissembling my Passion as well as I could,
‘ I went to see him, and asked him the Rea-
‘ son of so strange a Present, which would
‘ have moved Fear and Pity in the most
‘ cruel Breast. My treacherous Brother, as
‘ if he had done me an extraordinary Favour,
‘ related the sad Accident, and told me his
‘ Design to ruin me, and persecute the af-
‘ flicted *Polixena*. ‘ It is not possible (repli-
‘ ed I) he can be of noble Blood that glo-
‘ ries in such base Attempts. There is no
‘ Reason to embolden thee to injure my
‘ Life and Soul, but the Lowness of my Con-
‘ dition; if it were otherwise, I would make
‘ thee feel my Anger; if my Love dis-
‘ pleased thee, and thou wer’t jealous, why
‘ dost thou not like a Man rather kill me,
‘ than to revenge thy self on a Thing that
‘ had neither Hands nor Tongue to defend
‘ it self: But thou art so base a Coward,
‘ that thou fearest me, though of a despi-
‘ cable Fortune: From hence forward thou
‘ shalt have more Cause to do so; for I will
‘ surprize thy Life when thou least suspect-
‘ est it: But Heaven, I believe, not using

‘ to remit the Punishment of such Wicked-
‘ ness to the next Life, will prevent me in the
‘ Revenge of that innocent Blood. *Lucan-*
‘ *der* knew not what to answer to so just an
‘ Accusation, but began to reproach my
‘ Birth, saying, that his Mother notwith-
‘ standing was free from Infamy. And as
‘ Sons are most sensible of those Injuries,
‘ though Truths, that reflect on their Pa-
‘ rents, I was so full of Passion that the
‘ least Occasion would have transported me
‘ beyond Reason, and drawing my Sword
‘ I struck him before he could cry out for
‘ help or defend himself, and left him wound-
‘ ed, and weltering in his own Blood;
‘ with this the Court was in a Tumult,
‘ and the News coming to the King my Fa-
‘ ther’s Ear, he commanded that they should
‘ seize on me, and tear me in Peices; but
‘ escaping from the Swords of those that
‘ pursued me, I took Horse and fled into
‘ the Covert of this Mountain, till my Ene-
‘ mies had lost Sight of me. After two
‘ Days I arrived at this solitary Place,
‘ where, to defend my self from the Sharp-
‘ ness of the Night, I made use of the
‘ Shelter of this Cave, and being overcome
‘ with Weariness, I slept till the Day fol-
‘ lowing: So soon as the Sun enlightened
‘ this Wood, awaking I saw a fierce Lyon
‘ lying at my Feet, who having found me
‘ asleep, either imagining I was dead, or
‘ complying

' complying with his native Generosity,
 ' granted me my Life (for there is even in
 ' the most savage Beast, a kind of natural
 ' Pity) and not only forbore to do me hurt,
 ' but by fawning, and other expressions of
 ' Love, seemed to court me. Though the
 ' Society were dangerous, my Life being
 ' at all times in his Power: I considered
 ' that my Life was without doubt reserved,
 ' for some extraordinary End, since Hea-
 ' ven had preserved it from so many
 ' Chances. Having found more Kindness
 ' in a Lyon than in a Father or Brother,
 ' I made much of him, which he requites
 ' with his usual bringing me in his Mouth the
 ' Prey that he hath killed, to sustain my
 ' Life, esteeming me rather his Companion
 ' than Enemy. Within a Year I was so
 ' much Master of these Mountains, Cliffs,
 ' and Beasts, that all obeyed me, like the
 ' first Man, and for this Reason would I
 ' not leave this Place; in another I must
 ' meet my Death; for the Injuries that are
 ' done to the powerful cannot (but miracu-
 ' lously) escape unrevenge'd.

' Instead of a Palace I have here a secure;
 ' though poor Dwelling; for a Guard of
 ' Soldiers, two Lyons to protect me; these
 ' Hives offer me Honey; this River Wa-
 ' ter; these Mountains a shady Covert;
 ' and these Trees their wild Fruits: The
 ' Beasts that I kill afford me Cloathing,

' the Sea Fish, and the Woods Venison :
 ' This is my Life and Story, so that if thou
 ' resolve to continue here, I promise to En-
 ' tertain thee with as much Care, as if thou
 ' wert my dear Wife, or poor Daughter,
 ' whose Face I never saw, though I once
 ' handled it. Thou shalt have a fresh and
 ' sweet Bed made of Rushes, Flags, and
 ' Thyme ; in Winter we will shelter our-
 ' selves in the Bowels of this Rock, and in
 ' Summer thou shalt enjoy the pleasant West
 ' Wind, underneath the Shade of these
 ' Hazel Trees ; my Disposition is gentle,
 ' my Birth such as thou hast heard, and
 ' from this Minute I swear never to offend
 ' thy Chastity so much as in a Thought. We
 ' will spend the Morning in praising Hea-
 ' ven, that figuring itself in all its Crea-
 ' tures, hath enriched a mean Shepherdess
 ' with such Perfections. The Evenings we
 ' will visit this Grove, from whence we will
 ' borrow Boughs for Fuel and Light: The
 ' time that we save from Sleep, we will
 ' spend in relating our past Misfortunes,
 ' and by this Means I may beguile my
 ' Love, imagining that *Polixena* dwells
 ' with me ; for thou so nearly resemblest
 ' her, that Heaven seems to have made
 ' thy Beauty as a Copy of hers.

Here *Gesimenes* stopt (for the Remem-
 brance of his Wife drew Tears from his
 Eyes) and *Ismenia* coming to him, com-
 forted

forted him, promising not to be a Minute from his Side; for besides, that his Person deserved it, a natural Inclination induced her to esteem, and to give him as much Respect as if he were her Father; so that to divert some part of his Griefs, she took out of her Scrip an Instrument, and Sung thus:

*Narcissa passing through a pleasant Mead,
To cool her Thirst was to a River led:
When she perceiv'd the lazy Stream had lost
Its Course, condemn'd to Chrystal by the Frost;
Which had, perhaps, enamour'd of her Sight,
Begg'd of December Chains to stop its Flight;
But the kind Sun did with his warmer Beams,
Dissolve the Ice into its native Streams:
And th' angry little Brook, deny'd my stay,
Was enjoy'd flying, wept, and went away.*

The Company of *Ismenia* was an extraordinary Comfort to *Gesimenes*, who recreated by her Beauty and Wit passed the Hours of the Day with less Anxiety; loving each other with so true, yet chaste Affection as they never entertained one loose Thought. Thus lived they both secure and contented, especially *Ismenia*, because she was not in Love, nor acquainted with any Cares that might disquiet her Rest. But she could not long boast her Liberty; for as one Afternoon she beheld her self in that Chrystal Rivulet, when the dying Sun was giving up
his

his languishing Light, she spied a young Gentleman, who wearied in the Pursuit of some Wild Beast, having left his Horse, slept upon the Flowers, (leaning his Cheek on his Hand) to the sweet Musick which the Water made, playing with the blue Pebbles. Having earnestly beheld him, (for his Person was Warlike, his Apparel Majestic, and his Form Divine;) she would have gone away; but could not; for Love seizeth on free Hearts, and like a Flash of Lightning suddenly scorches. In Brief, *Ismenia* found her Feet fettered, and her Soul inclined to stay. Thus suffering herself to be vanquished by Love, she softly approached him, and drawing the Sword that hung in his Scarf, suddenly awaked him, bidding him receive it, and acknowledge that he owed his Life to her, who could so easily have taken it. *Perózes* (for that was his Name) starting up, and admiring *Ismenia's* exquisite Beauty, answered, ' That he could not thank her Pity for not giving him Death by the Sword, if he must receive it from her Eyes; that she expressed thus more Cruelty than Mercy, for a Sleep he should not have been sensible of the one, but it was impossible for him waking to escape the other. Her Habit caused in him no less wonder than her Beauty, wherefore he besought her by Entreaties and Promises to tell him the Reason why she lived

in

in that Mountain, enriched with such Perfections that might become a Palace; unless she were some new *Diana*, some divine Huntress, who disdainng to live amongst Men, resolved to spend her Time in that Wilderness. *Ismenia* reply'd, that she came thither to accompany her Father, one of a noble Birth, and excellent Qualities, tho' thrown down by Fortune to a low Estate. They were both as much entangled in Love as if they had conversed together many Years, each of them so delighted with the others Company, that *Ismenia* had no Power to retire up the Mountain to *Gesimenes*, nor *Perozes* to descend to the Valley to seek his Servants, whom that Afternoon he had lost in the Chace; but the discreet Shepherdess, seeing the Night threaten them, and being far from home, thus spake unto him.

‘ Sir, I would to Heaven, as you have
‘ engaged my Affection, so I had worth
‘ to deserve yours; yet if Love be begot-
‘ ten by Sympathy of Blood, what I have
‘ seen in your Suspence, your Eyes and
‘ Words, may at the least be good Will;
‘ and that you may not think I participate
‘ of the Rudeness of this Place, I will
‘ sometimes descend to this Seat, where you
‘ may see me, with this Caution, that you
‘ offer me no Injury: That would be both
‘ dishonourable and unsafe: For my Fa-
‘ ther

‘ther will at my call come down, and to
‘second him, a Lyon to tear you in Pieces.

‘It seems (answered *Perozes*) you do
‘not know me, seeing with such unneces-
‘sary Care you instruct me in a Respect
‘that I am obliged to keep for both our
‘Sakes: Yours, because I adore you, and
‘he that loves cannot injure; my own,
‘because my Birth is Noble, which it could
‘not be, if I had a Desire to tyranize
‘over Women. When Heaven hath
‘cloathed the Night with Stars, I will come
‘hither with as much Humanity as Love,
‘and adore these Flowers, because you have
‘trod on them, and this River because it
‘hath been your Glass.

With this, they took leave of each other.
The Affection of *Ismenia* daily encreased
so much, that *Gesimenes* might easily have
perceived it, if he had suspected there had
been more Men in the Wood to converse
with; nor was *Perozes* her Debtor, for eve-
ry Hour of the Day she was in his Mind,
and the Nights he waited in the Mountain
expecting her; though she could not come
down so often as she would; for *Gesimenes*
had chid her for coming home so late, lit-
tle suspecting Love to be the Cause, but
rather her Eagerness of the Chase.

Upon a time she came thither unobserved
by *Gesimenes*, and casting her Eye aside,
found in a Crimson Taffata a Picture of a
fair

fair Lady wrapt up in Paper, which served for its Case; this it seems *Perozes* had thro' Negligence the Night before let fall amongst the *Jasmines*: *Ismenia* perceiving the Inscription was directed to him, moved with the Curiosity of a jealous Woman, read it, and found it said thus:

S I R,

I Am now come to Albania, where I live privately, and have seen the Princess, whose Beauty I here send you drawn in this Tablet, though it be so excellent, that these Colours do but injure it. May I know your Pleasure, that I may hasten my Journey, and the Contract of these happy Nuptials, whereby the Wars that have long infested both Kingdoms may have an end.

Ismenia would not proceed any farther, nor indeed could she for Jealousy and Anger; a less Discovery might be sufficient to have killed her; she accused her malicious Fortune, and much bewailed the Loss of *Perozes*, apprehending so many inconveniences, that it seemed impossible he should ever be hers. First, his Birth, and the Distance between them; next, he was to marry a Princess, enriched (as the Picture shewed) with extraordinary Beauty; but hearing some body come, she dissembled her

her Grief, and perceived it was her Enemy, who (as he came along) sung thus :

*As fair Ismenia forth did go,
A Sapphire sparkled in each Eye,
And on her Cheek did Jasmines grow,
Bath'd in the Roses Purple dye.*

*But when I nearer came t'have play'd
Within the Sun-shine of her Light,
She scorcb'd me, in her Beams betray'd
Like sportive Flies to loss of Sight.*

*What Fear and Reverence doth beget
Th' Approach unto so bright a Flame,
Which can extinguish with its heat,
And makes both Love and Death the same!*

An injured Woman is not sensible of any thing so much as of Flattery, from him that wrongs her ; and *Ismenia*, confident that *Perozes's* Love was Counterfeit, took it more unkindly to be deceived, than unrequited ; for Disaffection may be natural, and out of our Power, but Dissimulation is not, being bred only in malicious Breasts. That *Perozes* might not boast he had forsaken her first, though for the Princess of *Albania*, she went to him, and betwixt Reason and Jealousy said thus :

*Perozes, though you see me in this
Mountain, so rudely attired, that my
richest Ornament is the spotted Skin of a
Tygress*

‘ Tygress, yet you may well perceive, my
‘ Soul hath more worth than my Habit
‘ promiseth. You say you love me so infi-
‘ nitely, that though you are of the best
‘ Blood in *Armenia*, yet you will hazard
‘ both Life and Fortune to be my Hus-
‘ band; and as this Expression must not
‘ either by the Laws of Civility or Affection
‘ be unacknowledged, I requited it with
‘ the like. But as those that love cannot
‘ dissemble, (for that’s a Crime) it grieves
‘ my Affection to have hid a Secret from
‘ you. It is impossible we should ever en-
‘ joy each other. Do not wonder that I
‘ undeceive you now, whereas I might as
‘ well have done it before. All Women
‘ at first conceal their Passions, unwilling
‘ to discover their Imperfections to them
‘ they know not; for by open Profession
‘ of Love they might beget too slight an
‘ Opinion of themselves; but when we find
‘ Engagement, we have a Care to discover
‘ the Truth to such Professors of Affection,
‘ that they may see the Danger they incur,
‘ either for Avoidance or Excuse. The
‘ Sum of all is, to let you know I am ano-
‘ thers; he, who I told you was my Fa-
‘ ther, is not so, but one whom Misfor-
‘ tune hath banished *Albania*, and he has
‘ my Promise to be his Wife, though in
‘ Truth he hath yet had no other Assurance
‘ than my Hand; therefore love me less,

‘ and contain your self more ; my Descent
 ‘ is Noble, and I must be his, having once
 ‘ professed it ; for my Obligation cannot
 ‘ be discharged but by giving my self unto
 ‘ him, and he is of so excellent and gallant
 ‘ a Mind, that he (think it not Passion) sur-
 ‘ passeth you.

Scarce had the jealous *Ismenia* ended, when without expecting an Answer of Satisfaction, she ran away into the more envious Part of the Wilderness ; *Perozes* being unacquainted with the Place, presently lost her, expressing so much Passion as might have mollified a Rock, if it could have heard him ; but all in vain ; *Ismenia* would not run the hazard of relenting, by hearing what he could say ; for the tender Disposition of Women is persuaded to weep by seeing others do so ; yet was she not without Resentment ; for, retiring to the remotest Corner of the Cave, she wept affectionate Tears, and taking out the Letter that was directed to her Lover, she kissed that Name in the Superscription which was engraved in her Heart. Thus the two Lovers passed two Days without meeting, not through *Perozes*’s Neglect, but *Ismenia*’s Obstinacy, who staying late one Evening at the Border of the Mountain to behold a Tree, on whose Bark both their Names were Engraven :
 ‘ What avails it (said she, complaining to
 ‘ herself) that *Perozes* writeth himself mine
 on

‘ on the Trees, when the Princess of *Albania* may countermand it? What that he flatters me with such kind Affection in this Solitude, if at Court he adores a brighter Beauty? She would have said more, had she not been interrupted by the Musick of a sweet Voice from amongst the Poplars; tho’ she knew it was her ungrateful Lover, yet she was willing to dispence a little with her Resolution, and hearken to this Song:

Ismenia’s Eyes my Soul divide,

A fair yet hapless Shepherdess,

In whom rich Nature all her Pride,

And Fates their Poverty express.

To move the Suit I fear to miss

Her worth and my Respect deny;

For where even Hope endanger’d is,

Lovers in Silence use to dye.

Thus the Desire I entertain,

Neither shuns Love, nor Suit prefers;

For though she to be mine disdain,

I’m blest enough in being hers.

Ismenia perceiving by the Words and Voice it was *Perozes*, sought to hide her self in the Bushes, that she might avoid Sight and Speech with him; not that she was averse from it, but she would not give occasion to awake that Love which slumber-

ed in Absence; but the rushing of the Leaves betray'd her: Perozes told her, " She had no Reason (unless she had with her Habit changed her Humanity) to fly from one who had not lost her thro' any Offence of his own: But since he was so unfortunate, that he could not be hers, he entreated her to inform her self by that Paper of his extreme Passion, that she might at least know how much she was indebted to him: So taking leave of her, he left in her Hand these Verses, which she imprinted as she read them in her Soul.

*Divinest Syren, cruel Fair;
Cause of my Life, and my Despair;
Grief that descends to Words is weak;
But mine is full and cannot speak:
For how can Fate more cruel be,
Than to grant Life, denying thee?
Yet I in Death hope to adore
Those Joys without, which Life is poor:
My Reason's banish'd by my Pain;
Who can lose thee, and it retain?
How soon was my calm Soul dejected,
And Ruin suffer'd e'en expected!
But since that Bliss, which once was mine,
Thou to another wilt resign.
Be happy in thy Choice, whilst I
In unregarded Ashes lie.
Be happy in him, 'tis unfit
To wish the Joy and hinder it.*

- Then

*Then finish what thou hast begun,
 Encrease my grief, and kill me soon.
 And when I'm dead let pity move thee,
 But to remember I did love thee.*

Ismenia relenting would have read them often, had she not been hindred by *Gesimenes*, who coming to seek her, and glad to have found her, entreated her to divert his continual Melancholy with a Song; whereupon, more to obey him than please herself, (dissembling her Grief) she sung thus:

*Why doth that Fool unjustly love accuse,
 Who through his own fear did occasion lose?
 To miss an offer'd Happiness must be,
 Or want of Love, or too much Modesty:
 Thy scorn, *Lysarda*, I have justly won,
 Who wanted Light, when I embrac'd the Sun.
 O look into my Heart, thou wilt see there,
 'Twas Admiration only caus'd my fear:
 Respect curb'd my Affection; let me die,
 (Displeasing thee) by thy enflaming Eye:
 Such Death will make thy Cruelty confess,
 I never wanted Love, though Happiness.*

When *Ismenia* had ended her Song, it being late, they retired Homewards, and as they were going up the Hill, by a Lane fenced on either Side, with Willows and white Poplars, they heard a great Sound, as of something that fell from on high; *Isme-*

nia was amaz'd, and *Gesimenes* laid hold of his Bow, thinking it might be some Wild Beast; they search'd all about, but could not find the Cause; at last they perceived a Barque (for they were not far from the Sea) near the Shoar; it was covered over, and had neither Helm nor Mariner to guide it; *Gesimenes* and *Ismenia* fastened it to Land, and were desirous to know what was in it; scarce were the Sails and Coverture taken off, when such Astonishment seiz'd them, that for a good Space they did nothing but look on each other: Within it was a Man bathed in Blood, and by his Side a beautiful Lady, living, yet so dismay'd, that she wanted little of the dead Body which lay beside her: They were both afflicted at so sad a Spectacle, especially *Gesimenes*, who intently beholding the Lady, fancied, he saw in her the Face and Person of his absent Wife. He gave the dead Body Burial in the Sea, since there was no means to restore his Life: He took the Lady in his Arms, and carried her to the homely Place of his Cave, where he entertain'd her with such Care, that in a short time he had good hope of her Life.

When she had recovered so much strength as to open her Eyes, and found on either side of her a Man and Woman: At first she was afraid of them, though their Behaviour and Hospitality had express'd more Piety

Piety than her severe Father and Kindred: She wondered much that *Gesimenes* so constantly fixed his Eyes upon her; and hearing *Ismenia* sometimes call him by his Name, she said to him. ‘ Two things hold me
 ‘ in this Suspence, you may do me a Favour to instruct me in them: Is it true
 ‘ that you are called *Gesimenes*? Why since
 ‘ I opened my Eyes have you so stedfastly
 ‘ beheld me, often sighing, and sometimes
 ‘ weeping? you may ask the same of me,
 ‘ because when I first heard your Name, it
 ‘ struck me to the Soul; for I loved a
 ‘ Gentleman of the same Name, at the Expence of so many Afflictions, that this
 ‘ hazard of my Life was the least; and
 ‘ should I say, that this *Gesimenes* (whom
 ‘ I call Husband) was Son to the King of
 ‘ *Albania*, Truth would not accuse me.

Gesimenes was so transported with Joy, that he could scarce express his Mind. ‘ If
 ‘ (said he) I am the unfortunate Son of
 ‘ *Pharnazes*, and thy Husband; if thou
 ‘ art *Polixena*, and my Eyes deceive me
 ‘ not, how can I behold thee without an
 ‘ Extasy of Content? How can my Heart
 ‘ but break with the Apprehension of the
 ‘ Misfortunes thou hast suffered for my
 ‘ sake? *Polixena*, I am *Gesimenes*; and
 ‘ will be thine, till Heaven deprive me of
 ‘ this Life, which I esteem now I enjoy
 ‘ thy Sight and Embraces. Hence forward
 ‘ I shall

‘ I shall desire Life, which I thought I
 ‘ should never have done ; for during the
 ‘ time I have dwelt among these Rocks,
 ‘ the rising Sun never found me not suing
 ‘ to Heaven to be eased of it ; for Life is
 ‘ not a Pleasure, but a Torment to the
 ‘ Unfortunate.

Words are not full enough to express the
 Content of these two Lovers ; for Language
 is too narrow to cloath great Passions ; so
 that with their Eyes and Souls they congratu-
 lated their strange and happy Meeting.
 The Beauty of *Ismenia* and *Gesimenes*’s Care
 of her, might well have given *Polixena*
 Cause of Jealousy ; yet when she was in-
 formed of the Occasion which brought her
 to live with him, she esteemed her with as
 much Affection as if she had been her own
 Daughter. Thus being all three equally
 contented, *Gesimenes* desired her to instruct
 them in the Afflictions she suffered, during
 his Absence ; for the Relation of past Mi-
 series in Prosperity, doth delight more than
 disconsolate : Wherefore to comply with
 their Request, she said :

‘ So many, my Dear *Gesimenes*, have
 ‘ been the Troubles that oppress me in
 ‘ your Absence, and so continual, that ’tis
 ‘ impossible I should either then have re-
 ‘ sented them, or now relate them fully.
 ‘ I was left as your Surety, to satisfy the
 ‘ Hurt you did *Lucander*, who seeing he
 ‘ could

could not Revenge himself on you, resolv'd to do it on your other self, divulging my Weakness, and giving it out that I was delivered in his Arms: My Father, instead of punishing the infamous Cruelty he used to the innocent Infant, forgetting the Relation it had to his Blood, encouraged him, and commanded I should be shut up in a Tower, where for a long Time, I neither saw the Face of the Sun, or of any human Creature; until at last the King your Father, mov'd with Pity, permitted one that had been brought up in my Father's House to visit me, for they reposed Trust in him. With him I recreated the tedious Hours of my Imprisonment, relating to him my Misfortunes. One Day he telling me that you were for certain in a Village near *Albania*, I earnestly begg'd of him to afford me some private means of Writing to you, which he did: Then did I sign the Death of us both; for I writ a Letter, wherein I informed you of my sad Condition, and of the great Affection of the People to you, who continually pined you as much as they wish'd *Lucander's* Death, for being possess'd of the Crown, he oppress'd them with tyrannical Injuries. I advis'd you to make use of the Protection of some other Prince, by whose Aid you might compass your Revenge;

In

‘ In the mean time, that I would (if it were
‘ needful) poison the Prince, that the Sub-
‘ jects seeing him dead, and hearing you
‘ were alive, might be necessitated to seek
‘ after you, lawfully to possess the Kingdom
‘ after the Decease of *Pharnazes*. These,
‘ and other Things of Importance, did I
‘ write in that happy Letter, to ease my
‘ Heart, and redress your Miseries; but
‘ there is no Success where Fate opposeth;
‘ so unfortunate were *Arnestes* and I, that
‘ as he went from my Chamber to seek
‘ you out, he met *Lucander*, who questi-
‘ oned him concerning me; whereupon he
‘ was so confounded, that your Brother
‘ began to suspect something, and causing
‘ him to be apprehended and searched,
‘ found this Letter, by which he confessed
‘ more than he knew; this put the Court
‘ into a Tumult. My Father (who would
‘ be singular in Loyalty, tho’ at the Ex-
‘ pence of my Life) executed on me the
‘ greatest Cruelty the World ever saw: He
‘ gave Order for a Barque, so closed that
‘ the Air had no Passage; into which,
‘ having kill’d poor *Arnestes* with many
‘ Wounds, he shut him dead, and me alive,
‘ to the Intent that I might with the Hor-
‘ rour miserably end my Life. Then set-
‘ ting the Barque a-drift, he committed us
‘ to the Mercy of the Waves, pitied of as
‘ many as beheld us. Thus we floated un-
‘ til

‘ til Heaven (mov’d with my Prayers and
‘ Tears) was pleas’d to cast me on this
‘ Shoar, where your Care hath brought
‘ me once more into the Light, and re-
‘ stored that Happiness, which from my
‘ Infancy I desir’d, tho’ it hath cost me so
‘ dear.

Ismenia and *Gesimenes* congratulated *Po-
lixena*’s good Fortune; for tho’ it were
eclips’d with Troubles and Discontents, yet
the Event being happy, it cannot be called
adverse. Thus lived *Gesimenes* with his
Wife more contented than if he had been
Lord of the whole World, enjoying her
Beauty and Company without Fear or Inter-
ruption, endearing to himself that Blessing,
which Heaven after so many Years of Af-
fliction had reserv’d for him. *Ismenia* and
Perozes pass’d the time with less Delight,
complaining each of the other’s Affection;
she, as thinking he was contracted to ano-
ther, and he, as having the same Opinion of
her: But *Ismenia*, weary of concealing her
Jealousy, was unwilling that *Perozes* should
accuse her of Inconstancy, when she had
just Cause to condemn him: Wherefore
she found him out amongst the *Lawrels* and
Jasmines, and shewed him the Picture and
Letter: She told him, ‘ That the Reason
‘ why she had bely’d her own Affection and
‘ Constancy, was not that she loved any
‘ else, but that she was of Opinion he was
‘ another’s;

another's; that those two Witnesses would
 prove it; and that he could not wonder
 at her Cruelty, since his Falshood and ill
 Requital deserved it.

I confess (fair *Ismenia*) reply'd *Perozes*,
 that before I saw you, I treated of a Mar-
 riage with the Princess of *Albania*; but
 I assure you, after I beheld your divine
 Beauty, and believed that I had obtained
 some Place in your Affection, I alter'd
 my Resolution (tho' to the Discontent of
 my Father and his Subjects, who earnest-
 ly desire the Accomplishment of that
 Match, to put an End to the Wars be-
 tween the two Kingdoms) to comply
 with your Affection, I engage my Faith
 never to marry as long as I live, unless
 with you; nor shall you be (if the Sto-
 ries say true) the first Queen that was
 bred up amongst Woods and Rocks;
 but before that he, whom you call your
 Father, be so indeed; for if you deceive
 me, and he prove a Lover, I will so re-
 venge my self on both, that my Love
 shall wonder at my Severity.

Ismenia was so well satisfy'd and pleas'd
 with *Perozes*'s Promise, that to confirm what
 she had said, she plac'd him so, that he
 might see *Gesimenes* in his Wife's Arms;
 and as Lovers seldom conceal any thing
 from one another, notwithstanding she had
 told him that he was her Father, she related
 to

to him their true Story; to which *Perozes* hearken'd with much Content, seeing how nobly his beloved *Ismenia* was descended, if *Gesimenes* and *Poliwena* were her Parents, for then she was Niece to the King of *Albania*, a good Reason to excuse his unadvised love, since he married, tho' not the Princess, yet one of her Blood. With these joyful Hopes *Perozes* took his leave, but *Ismenia* was troubled when she consider'd that she had done ill to feign her self the Daughter of *Gesimenes*, knowing how easy it was to disprove it; for tho' her Affection and Resemblance made it probable, yet she was conscious that their Births were extremely different.

Perozes, devoting himself wholly to the Affection of *Ismenia*, and resolving to marry her, refus'd the Match with the Princess of *Albania*, and sent to give *Pharnazes* Notice he was already married, who was sensible of this Affront, believing that this Neglect was in Contempt of his Alliance; and without expecting either Letters or Ambassadors, with his Son *Lucander* he raised a great Army, binding themselves by a solemn Oath not to return to *Albania*, till they had either taken or slain *Perozes*.

On the other Side *Perozes* was not negligent; for having Notice of the Intention of *Pharnazes*, he desired of his Father a Commission for that War, and levied sufficient Forces to resist the proud *Albanians*. Mean

while, visiting *Ismenia*, he desired her to persuade her Father *Gesimenes* (who was a great Soldier) to command his Army; as well to protect the Cause which was his own, being his Daughter's, as to revenge himself upon *Lucander*, who now came insolently with *Pharnazes*; besides the *Albanians* might hereby know he was alive, and had Power to oppose them. *Ismenia* was much perplex'd to foresee her Imposture would be soon discovered; but committing all to Time and Fortune; she determined to speak to *Gesimenes*, and thereupon informed him of the Prince's Affection, the Occasion of the War, and the Opportunity which Heaven hath offer'd him, to return from that miserable kind of Life to his first Estate.

Gesimenes disliked not the Means which *Ismenia* in *Perozes's* Name offered for obtaining the desired end of his Affairs. He was willing to serve him; but not thereby to injure his Father; a Relation (tho' he were ungrateful) not to be dispens'd with. His hope was to be the Instrument of Peace, and of the Death of his treacherous Brother, upon whose Death he might return to *Albania* and enjoy the Crown. *Ismenia* told him, that it would be requisite for sometime to acknowledge her for his Daughter. *Gesimenes* reply'd, that he should not only for a time, but as long as he lived esteem her so; for the love he bare her, and the Resemblance she had

to *Polixena* was such, that if her Parentage had not been very mean, it would easily have been credited. *Ismenia* brought him to *Perozes*, the two Princes convers'd together with great Expressions of Affection. *Perozes* wonder'd to behold him so alter'd, and different from what he had known him before; and enquiring after *Polixena*, he intreated him to bring her along, that she might bear his Sister Company. They were honourably received by the Nobility and Commons of that Kingdom, with Respect due to Persons of such Eminence. The King conferr'd the General's Staff on *Gesimenes*, who changing his Habit, appear'd so graceful and Majestick, that they could hardly perswade themselves he was the same whom the Day before they had seen in that wild Shape: So much do Ornament add to exterior Beauty.

By this time the proud *Albanians* were come so near, that the Mountains resounded with the Eccho of their Warlike Instruments: At Night *Gesimenes* went out in his old Habit, to espy in the Camp with what Force his Father came; he was so well acquainted with that place that he fear'd not to lose himself, and wearing so strange a Habit it was improbable they should suspect him. One Night as he went down from his Cave to the bottom of the Hill, with intent to return to the Court, he heard some not far off consulting privately together;

ther; withdrawing himself behind a Tuft of Oaks and Pines, he beheld from thence a young Man in Armour, whom all the rest seemed to respect and to honour as their Master: *Gesimenes*, by reason of the darkness of the Night, could not discern who he was, but he gather'd that from his Words, which sufficiently troubled him, for he was speaking to them to this Effect:

‘ Though here are but few that hear me,
 ‘ yet I may well say here is the greatest
 ‘ Part of the Nobility of *Albania*; for
 ‘ there is not any one can equal *Lucander*,
 ‘ or stand in Competition with you. I am,
 ‘ as you know, the King’s only Son; for
 ‘ tho’ I lately had a Brother, I believe ei-
 ‘ ther the Sea or Land by this time hath
 ‘ hid him in its Bowels; or if he were alive,
 ‘ yet being a Bastard, he could not oppose
 ‘ me the lawful Heir; nor hath he the
 ‘ Right I have. My Father is old, and
 ‘ useth both you and me too harshly. In-
 ‘ deed I am sorry he hath liv’d thus long:
 ‘ It troubles me to be a Subject, being
 ‘ now fit for Government, which so long
 ‘ as he lives I cannot enjoy. I have at
 ‘ other times advis’d with you about this
 ‘ Business. The Cause that moved me now
 ‘ to call you together, is an opportunity of
 ‘ effecting this Delign, which offers it self
 ‘ unto you. My Father is so industriously
 ‘ careful in this War, that tho’ his Years
 ‘ dissuade him, he often goeth forth alone

‘ to

‘ to view both his own Camp and the Ene-
‘ my’s. This Night I espied him ; and
‘ if I mistake not, he is now coming along
‘ that Path, so that if you please now to
‘ follow me, we may this very Instant as-
‘ fault and kill him ; and we will tear his
‘ Garments, that it may be thought the
‘ Wild Beasts of these Mountains were his
‘ Murderers. The Soldiers then being de-
‘ titute of a King, must of Necessity transfer
‘ the Crown on me ; of which when I am
‘ posselt, and the Scepter in my Hand,
‘ I will by degrees destroy all that favour’d
‘ *Gesimenes*. You shall not be my Sub-
‘ jects but my Friends, my Companions,
‘ on whose Shoulders I will lay the Weight
‘ and Care of the whole Kingdom.

The Piety of *Gesimenes* could scarce be-
lieve the Villany which *Lucander* intended
against him, to whom he owed his Being ;
but giving Thanks to Heaven for the fa-
vourable Opportunity of preserving his Fa-
ther’s Life, he went that way, by which
Lucander said he was to pass. He had not
gone far, when he found him compleatly
arm’d, going about to inform himself of the
State of the Camp, who seeing him, drew
his Sword, thinking he was a wild Man, and
assaulted him to kill him : But *Gesimenes*
in Token of Peace throwing down the young
Tree which he had in his Hand, told him,
that he might see he was a Man as himself,
that he came to advise him, not to go that

earnestness, was the intimate Friendship he once had with one called *Gesimenes*, who profess'd himself his unfortunate Son.

'Alas, said *Pharnazes*, drowning his Face in Tears, had he liv'd, this Traitor *Lucander* durst not have attempted so impious a Treason.' 'He not only lives (answer'd *Gesimenes*) but e'er many Days pass, I shall be able to let you see him, as obedient still, as you had never us'd him unkindly. Then believe me, (replied *Pharnazes*) that very Instant will I set the Crown of *Albania* upon his Head; the Kingdom will not be sorry for it; tho' they think he be no Heir while *Lucander* lives, yet there is more in this than they know. You are his Friend, and will rejoice at his Happiness: That therefore you may seek him with greater Diligence, be attentive, and hear what in a low Condition his Fate decreed him, even before he was born. *Gesimenes* with wonder, observ'd what his Father said, and giving him time to wipe away the Tears of his Affliction, heard him proceed in this Manner:

'Know that in my Youth I lov'd a Lady, with so unreasonable an Affection, that I forgot both Heaven and my self for her: This blind Passion arriv'd at such a Height, that the Queen and she, being at once both with Child, and delivered of two Sons both in one Day, to make

a transcendent Expression of my love to her, I caus'd the Children to be chang'd, unknown to any, except Heaven, and one who was my Favourite. By this means *Lucander*, the Son of my Mistress (suppos'd the Queen's) was esteem'd Heir of the Kingdom, and I had a better Pretence for my Affection. *Gesimenes*, who was indeed my lawful Son, had *Clorinda* (the Lady I most esteem'd) assign'd for his Mother. The whole Kingdom wonder'd I should hate *Gesimenes*, the Son of her I adored; and esteem *Lucander* whose Mother I hated. I will not relate how I us'd *Gesimenes*, it cannot but grieve you to hear it, if you love him; my Disaffection proceeded so far, as to banish him *Albania*. If he be alive (as we had News of his Death) he hath lived many Years miserably Abroad in strange Countries. But the Nature of Man is unconstant, the Love I bear *Clorinda* vanish'd, and my undeceiv'd Understanding, perceiv'd its Error; then began I so much to dislike *Lucander*, that I intended to have discover'd his Birth; but I forbore, considering the Crown would be without an Heir, seeing *Gesimenes* was wanting. But since *Lucander* proves so ungrateful, as by Treason to deprive me of Life and Scepter, and you assure me *Gesimenes* lives; if you perform your Promise in bringing him, you shall see him King of *Albania*, that he may have

‘ have his own, and you in Part be paid
‘ the Debt is owing you for my Life : His
‘ Happiness cannot but reflect on you who
‘ are so much his Friend.

Gesimenes was not able to contain his Joy, but falling down at his Father’s Feet discovered himself, saying he was *Gesimenes*, and that he was well content with the Miseries Fortune had inflicted on him, since he had been banish’d from his Sight : Now she had bestow’d on him the Happiness to rescue his gray Hairs. *Pharnazes* transported with such Joy to see him alive, as the strangeness of the Accident required, embraced him most affectionately, and told him that he should go along with him, for on the Morrow his Commanders should kiss his Hand, and his Presence would animate the Soldiers, for they all loved him extremely, and knowing his Valour, would undertake the War with the greater Resolution. In this *Gesimenes* could not obey, excusing himself with the Acknowledgment of many Favours received from *Perozes*, of whose Forces he was General, yet that he had taken Arms against his Father, was not to offend him (as he had shewn) but to be a Means of Peace between both Kingdoms. *Gesimenes* at parting enquired of him for his Wife *Polixena* ; he, much troubled, desired him not to speak of her ; for it would afflict his Heart to remember the Cruelty which her Father and *Lucander* had used in her Death. Let

Let it not grieve you so much, said *Gesimenes*, for she is living; and altho' it may seem impossible, I have long enjoyed her Company in this Desert, for Heaven doth favour Innocence, and protect those Lives which Power and Fortune do unjustly persecute.

Hereupon *Gesimenes* departed joyfully: And *Pharnazes* was no less glad for having found his Son, and with him his own Life, which had that Night been lost, had it not been preserved by *Gesimenes*. Then communicating this strange Event to his Counsel, he determined to treat with the King of *Armenia*, and Prince *Perozes* concerning Peace, and the former Marriage. The Evening following, a Place of meeting was appointed for the two Kings. The first Thing they did, was, the proclaiming of *Gesimenes*, King of *Albania*, and the same Day *Polixena* was confirm'd his Wife; the King and Queen of *Armenia* offering themselves to give her at the Temple. *Perozes* told *Pharnazes* that the Reason why he rejected the propounded Marriage with the Princess, was, because he was already married to *Ismenia*, who was Neice to him, and Daughter to *Gesimenes* and *Polixena*. Hereupon, they both, to inform him of the Truth, reply'd, that they had no further Knowledge of her, than that she had been brought up some Years in their Company; that the Business was now of such Consequence, that it would be unjust to deceive him;

him; and tho' they had Reason to love *Is-
menia* as well as if she were their Daughter,
yet in Truth she was but of poor and mean
Parentage.

This struck *Perozes*, as if he had heard
the Sentence of his Death, but it troubled
him more, when he understood *Ismenia* could
not be found; for seeing a Necessity that
her Deceit must be discovered, and that she
must lose *Perozes*, Shame would not suffer
her to appear; so she retired into the Woods,
flying from him she loved, and intending
to end her Life in that Solitude. The Nup-
tials were deferred till they might have
News of the lost *Ismenia*; for the married
Couple were so discontented at her Absence,
that their Resentment gave occasion
to many to suspect she was indeed their
Daughter, and that they denied it only be-
cause they were unwilling to give her to
Perozes: The Truth was, they loved her so
extremely, that if *Gesimenes* had not known
Ismenia's Parents might have contradicted it,
he would have owned her. *Perozes* in a
great Passion offered a great Sum of Money
to any that should bring News of her. *Ge-
simenes* calling to mind that she had often
told him the Place where she was born, in-
stantly dispatched Messengers to inform them-
selves with all Diligence of her Parents, and
to see whether she were not returned to them:
After Enquiry they found them, and upon
Examination they confessed, ' That *Ismenia*
' was

‘ was not their Daughter, though they had
‘ professed her such almost ever since she
‘ was born ; that a Gentleman of *Albania*
‘ named *Artaspes*, one Night brought her
‘ to their House, to be brought up by them,
‘ charging them upon forfeit of their Lives,
‘ not to reveal the Secret to any ; that three
‘ Years ago having a desire to match her
‘ with a Kinsman of theirs, on the Day in-
‘ tended for Marriage she stole away, since
‘ which time they could never know whe-
‘ ther she were alive or dead.

This increased the Admiration of all ;
seeing *Artaspes* had brought her thither,
they supposed she must be his : He being
at that time in *Albania*, they sent for him
to declare what he knew concerning *Ismenia* :
being come, he desired a little Privacy with
Gesimenes, and thus spake unto him.

‘ What I shall affirm of her that you call
‘ *Ismenia*, concerns none so much as your
‘ self to know ; not to keep you in suspense ;
‘ Prince *Lucander* and my self walking
‘ late one Night in the City, as we were
‘ returning to the Palace, a Woman with
‘ her Face veiled called to us, and address-
‘ ing herself to *Lucander*, he ask’d her,
‘ (being well nigh dead) if she would go
‘ along with him, or that he should do her
‘ any Service. I would beseech you (an-
‘ swer’d the Lady, delivering a Child into
‘ his Arms) to carry this Infant to *Gesimenes*,
‘ who willeasily know from whence it comes :

and (believe me) we may both be able to
 requite this Favour; so giving it to *Lau-*
cander, (whom if she had known she would
 sooner have given it to a Lyon) she went
 away, desiring us not to follow her, be-
 cause it concern'd both her Life and Hon-
 our: We both stood amazed, devising
 who this Lady might be; for knowing
 how intirely you did love *Polixena*, we
 could not perswade our selves, that you
 should have any other Affection, and *Pol-*
ixena living, so carefully watched, we lit-
 tle suspected it could be she. In the End,
 we carried the Child to my House, and he
 ordered me to deliver it to a Nurse; the
 next Day he understood *Polixena's* sudden
 Sickness, and viewing the Child's Coun-
 tenance, was fully perswaded it was hers
 and yours. The Rage of his Jealousy
 was incited by Cruelty, and relying on
 his Power, he commanded me to kill it,
 and perform the Promise he had made to
 send it you; when I understood this unjust
 Intent, I was as much perplex'd as if the
 Child had been mine own, so divine was
 the Beauty of it. I was (to say truth) afraid:
 If I obey'd him not I lost his Favour, (for
 Princes for one Displeasure forgets the Ser-
 vices of our whole Life) and to obey him
 was contrary to my Piety; at last I resolv'd
 to bring it to him, not to displease him;
 but as I was going to this bloody Sacrifice,
 Heaven seemed to applaud my Compassi-
 on

on, offering me an Opportunity to save it;
 for understanding that a Servant of mine
 had a Child born two Days before, newly
 dead, I took it; and wounding the inno-
 cent Breast, besmeared it with the congeal-
 ed Blood, and carried it to *Lucander*, who
 thinking it had been that which caused his
 Jealousy, commended my Cruelty, and
 perfected his furious Revenge on it, tear-
 ing in Pieces the poor Infant, and thus
 was it sent to you, the more to afflict you,
 that the Grief of seeing it might kill you:
 Hereupon ensued the Misfortunes that you
 know; when Night was come I departed
 privately from *Albania*, and in a private
 Place enquired for a Nurse, with whom I
 left the Child, telling her it was requisite,
 that it should not be known that I brought
 it to her, and giving her two hundred
 Crowns, I took my leave of her; since
 which time, lest *Lucander* might come to
 know it, I never saw her but twice; this
 is all I know concerning *Ismenia*.

Gesimenes, amazed to hear these Things,
 doubted whether the Prodigy of his own Story
 and *Ismenia's* Life were a Dream, or true;
 for according to the Relation of *Artaspes* she
 was his Daughter: And her Face had been
 sufficient to prove it, if there had been no
 other Testimony. He flung his Arms about
Artaspes's Neck, and promised him such Re-
 quit, that he should not repent his Courtesy.
 He presently related all to *Pharnazes*, *Pe-*

rozes, and *Polixena*, and as great was the Joy of all, as their Grief that *Ismenia* was missing. They went to seek her, *Gesimenes* as her Father, *Perozes* as her Husband: *Gesimenes* went to the Hill where he had formerly lived with her, and at the Side of a Wood, he saw a Man lying along upon the Grass; coming near, and asking what he did there, he answered, he was a poor Soldier, that hearing a Proclamation, promising ten thousand Crowns to him that should find *Ismenia*, out of a Desire to better his Fortune, he went to seek her, and was not out of hope to find her, because he had the same Day seen a Woman on the top of the Mountain, cloathed with Skins of wild Beasts, whom he suspected to be *Ismenia*; for as soon as she heard that Name, she made away so fast, that it was impossible for him to overtake her.

Gesimenes rewarded the Soldier for his Information, and both ascending the Mountain, they rested not until they came to a Spring drest up with Rushes and Flags, where under a Cypress Tree they found her asleep. *Gesimenes* related to his Daughter her happy Birth; at which she rejoiced more for being worthy of *Perozes*, than for being Daughter to the Prince of *Albania*. Returning to Court, she acknowledged those for her Parents whom she ever lov'd, as if she had known them to be so. And her Marriage with *Perozes* was immediately celebrated with much Solemnity.